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looking-room and say, "Mrs. So-and-So was looking positively ugly to-day; but how charming she was!" At times she triumphs over the disability of positive personal disfavour, and is a general favourite in spite of the fact that she is unmistakably plain. In this case she is sure to be exceptionally brilliant in intellect, quick in wit, of ready repartee, facile to receive impressions, but always able to hold her own; so that she offers the excitement of a "reasting medium" whence sparks may be struck, and is not only a ball of cotton wool where the keenest lance-point is buried, and which not the most brilliant effort can illumine. Clever, full of comprehension and full of sympathy, individual to the point of self-respect, but, not beyond, always ready to advise with those who are in doubt, and always sure to give sound and steady counsel, suppressing her private grief, her domestic troubles, her family cares, while in the world, and carrying thither as the "shot" she pays for her own part the most perfect good humour, with breeding and tact as perfect, she goes through life as an unenvied queen, whom no one seeks to depose, and before whose shadowy sceptre all are willing to bow. No one can

tion "buyer—ten days" or "buyer twenty days," when you take a house "twenty days." Perhaps the entire payment is to be made at the end of a year, when you do not know but that by that time you will be penniless. Give a man their due, if you would hold beneficial influence over him. It will not be too rough in public affairs, lest you uproot also the marginals and the benas. In the Board of Brokers there are some of the most conscientious, upright, Christian men of our cities—men who would soon a lie, or a subterfuge, or a trick, or a fraud, or a cheat, or a swindle. Indeed, there are men in these boards who might, on some respects, teach a lesson of morality to other commercial circles.

I will not deny that there are special temptations connected with this business, even when carried out legitimately. So there are dangers to the engineer on a railroad. He does not know what night he may descend into the coal-train. But engineers must be run, and stocks must be sold. A nervous, sensible man ought to be very slow to undertake either the engine or the stock exchange.

A clever young man, of twenty-five years of age, bought an share in the Pennsylvania Central railroad. The stock went up five dollars per share, and he made fifty dollars by the operation. His mother, knowing his temperament, said to him: "I wish you and lost it." But, encouraged, he entered into another operation, and took ten shares in another railroad and made two hundred dollars. By this time he was ready for the wildest scheme. He lost in three years forty thousand dollars, ruined his health, and broke his wife's heart. Her father supports them

coal, iron, copper, or zinc. God poured out on this nation a river of oil, and intended us to get it up, transport it, and use it; and there were companies formed that, without all commercial changes, and continued year after year, in the prosecution of an honourable business. I have just as much respect for the man who has made fifty thousand dollars by oil as I have for him who has made it by agriculture.

Out of twelve hundred petroleum companies, how many do you suppose were honestly, righteously, formed and conducted? Do you say six hundred? make large demands upon one's credulity; but let us be generous, and suppose that six hundred companies bought land, issued honest circulars, sent machinery, and plunged into the earth for the oil development of resources. To form these six hundred companies, only three or four things were necessary. First, an attractive circular, regardless of expense. It must have all colours and hues of earth, and sea, and heaven. The letters flame with all the beauty of gold, jasper, and amethyst. It must state the name of the corporation, and the fact that "all subscribers get the benefit of the original undertaking." Why not say we make so much pretension as some other companies, it must be distinctly announced that business is not a speculation, but a business, and that it is a safe and permanent investment." The circulars state that: "there are a goodly number of fowls, and others which the company are happy to sell for a very good price." The books are to be open only five days, as there are only a few days to be taken." Connected with this circular is

mining companies, founded upon nobody's right to accomplish what nobody cares to do. They will be other Canada gold companies; will be other copper-mining companies; will be more mutual consumers' coal companies. I am not satisfied with the price of ordinary goods. I will select the best companies and associations, where the thing consumed is not the but themselves—the companies that were to be culled, serving the whole community to play the game of "I will get the money."

Stand off from all *doubtful enterprises!* I say that, if, in a lawful way, you cannot earn a living, you will die as honest men, and be buried in an apocryphal grave.

There are two or three reasons why you should not do with such operations. Mention the lowest motive first, it will deccate you financially. I asked a man of large observation and understanding, how many of the professed stock-gamblers made a permanent fortune. He answered, "None." Not one of those who made this their only trade. For a little while you may plunge in a round of *ex improbitate*; but your money is put into the hands of the devil. You cannot successfully bury a dollar in the earth; you may have rocks upon the top of the rocks; you may get planks and a hole will begin to heave up from itself, and keep it coming to the resurrection of damnation.

Then this stock-gambling life is wretchedly happy. It makes the nerves shake, and the hot, and the heart sick, and the life disgusted.

posed at first that the man was drunk, but he turned out to be a Londoner. It was natural for the police to report the local officials found that this was perfectly true. The cow-catcher had run the best's body, and in his agony he had written a letter between the lines of one of the who stopped its revolution. The engine is not stopped—was a comparatively weak one, train, having only just left the station, was slowly motionless.

LONDONER ASSAULT.—We are feeling the force of a curious literary rage which is just the fashion in the United States. "The J. Library Bureau" is an association in New York which provides lectures for the whole American public, with whom "English celebrities" are in great favour. The bureau has just sent London a few weeks ago to look out for this gentleman has made arrangements with William Collins and Mr. Charles Bradburn of the States, next autumn; and he is also, anxious to secure Monogram Capel as one of its attractions. The lecturing business in America is very profitable. Mr. Froide and Mr. who were both "English celebrities" have taken large sums; and Father Bourne, an Irishman, came back the other day from a year's tour, well rewarded for him no less than 60,000 dollars.

THE BARONET.—Burdett-Connors has presented Corporation of London, without any condition of land near Columbia Market, he has having wished to testify her opposition to the desire displayed by the City authorities to allow the success of this institution.

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made a permanent fortune. He answered, "I'm not one of those who made their only business for a little while you may plunge in a round of big prosperity: but your money is put into holes. You cannot successfully bury a dollar. You may put it down into the very life of the earth; you may heave rocks upon the top of the rocks; you may put planks and ironed instructions, but that dishonest dollar will begin to heave and upturn itself, and keep you to the resurrection of damnation."

Then this stock-gambling life is wretchedly happy. It makes the nerves shake, and the hot, and the heart sad, and the life disquieted.

The States next autumn; and he is also, anxious to secure Monsignor Capel as one of its attractions. The lecturing business in America was very profitable. Mr. Froude and Mr. Froude were both "managed" by this business, and Father Bourne, an Irish Dominican, came back the other day from a year's tour well off for him no less than 60,000 dollars.

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It has long been customary to obtain reproductions of pictorial art by means of photographic processes; but the sun pictures alone, although absolutely faithful, were soon found to be subject to gradual and spontaneous change, the result of slow chemical decomposition of the metallic oxides by which their lines and shadows were composed. The photographs of twenty or twenty-five years ago are now faded and lost, and permanency could only have been given to them by means of a false colouring, which renders the original contents of the picture liable to be overlaid or disguised by the touch of the painter. Recently, however, by the cumulative effect of successive inventions and improvements, means have been found for reproducing pictures photographically, but yet in printer's ink or other permanent pigment, so that the perfect fidelity of the camera is combined with absolute safety against the ravages of time. Such reproductions have been called "autotypes," to signify that they are due to the action of the original alone, without any intervention on the part of artist or draughtsman; and some of the processes by which they may be obtained became the subject of patents granted to or acquired by the Autotype Fine Art Company. They are mainly divisible into two classes—those for printing, and those for the direct transfer of photographs to paper.

The foundation of all these processes depends upon the circumstance that certain substances, of which gelatine may be taken as the type, when combined with an alkaline bichromate, are rendered insoluble in water by the action of light. It follows, if a film of gelatine, so prepared, is placed under a negative on glass and exposed to the daylight, that this penetrates through the lights of the negative, and renders the gelatine beneath insoluble, but does not penetrate through the dark parts, so that from this negative the result is left in its natural state. When the resulting picture is immersed in water the unaltered gelatine absorbs a portion, swells, and becomes somewhat elevated, while the insoluble gelatine undergoes no change. The parts corresponding to the darks of the negative are thus thrown somewhat into relief; and, furthermore, as they retain water, they will not receive printer's ink, although the insoluble gelatine that has been under the lights of the negative will receive and impart it freely. In this way a plate is obtained from which impressions may be taken with ink and a printing press and in the impressions, as in ordinary photographic "prints," the lights and shades of the negative are reversed. The power to print is not due at all to the reliefs and depressions of the gelatine plate, but entirely, as in lithographic printing to the different receptivity of its different parts for ink; and, inasmuch as the depressions are the part that receive ink, they are absolutely objectionable, and tend to interfere with the perfection of the printing. On this account, and in order to diminish the relief of the surface, the thickness of the gelatine plate has been continually reduced, until what is now used amounts to no more than a thin film adherent to a plate of glass or other rigid support.

The gelatine plates obtained in the manner thus briefly indicated were found, as might have been supposed, to be too soft to endure the wear of a printing press, or to give more than a very limited number of perfect impressions. Endeavours were made to harden them in various ways, and the method employed by Mr. Edwards, in which the hardening is effected by chrome alum, has become the basis of what is called the heliotype process. The alum, however, is said to produce a certain fibrillation of the gelatine, which diminishes the beauty of the resulting pictures; and a method of hardening by the admixture of zinc chloride and other gums, which has retained its distinctive name of "autotype," has been found to yield a more perfect surface, and one more capable of reproducing, in every particular, the exact texture of the original. Such, in brief outline, is the process known as "autotype printing."

While this process was being slowly brought to the degree of perfection which it has now attained, another and very important method of reproduction, based upon the same principle, was undergoing a similar development. This is the autotype "transfer process," and it is carried on by two methods, the single and the double transfer, the former being used to copy the reversed negatives taken for the purpose, the latter to copy any existing negative without reversal. The single process, as the more simple, admits most easily of description, and, in the stage in which it is now reached,

and, in the stage in which it is now reached, it is performed in the following manner:—A paper is first prepared by being coated with a film of liquid gelatine, in which is dissolved a certain quantity of a soluble colouring matter has been added. When the coating has become firm, it is rendered sensitive to light by a bichromate. A negative on glass, in which lights represent the shadows of the future picture, is then placed over the prepared coating, and the whole is exposed to sunlight for a sufficient time. The result may be described as latent picture, formed in the film of coloured gelatine by lines of insolubility corresponding to the lights and by lines of solubility corresponding to the shadows of the negative employed. This picture is on the surface of the gelatine film, and is bitten more or less deeply into its substance, perhaps reaching to the paper beneath in the parts corresponding to the high lights of the negative; but, as a whole, it is separated from the paper by a stratum of unaltered gelatine, and if it were not for the action of the water, the soluble parts would simply be detached from the gelatine and float away, leaving the insoluble parts to be floated away and lost. To obviate this, the latent picture is immersed for a few seconds in a bath, and a sheet of wet paper is then applied to the gelatine surface and made to adhere by pressure. After another short immersion, the original or first paper is peeled off and thrown away, so as to leave the pictorial surface of the gelatinous film in close contact with the second paper, and what was formerly the deep surface of the film exposed to the action of the water. By means of careful washing for a few minutes, the soluble gelatine can all be removed from the second sheet, bringing its colour with it; while that which has been rendered insoluble remains firmly adherent to the paper, and, retaining its colour, corresponds exactly to every line, light, or shadow in the negative employed, or in the original picture from which the negative was taken. For this method, as we have said, on account of its universal, a special negative must first be taken to print from; and it is, of course, on account of the great neglect and waste, to manipulate in the bath structures of more than about 300 square inches of surface. The copying of negatives involves, of course, some loss of light, and the necessity for it constituted an important limitation of the applicability of the process. By the ingenuity of Mr. J. R. Johnson, the chymist of the late Autotype Fine Art Company, this difficulty has

been overcome, and his "double transfer process," which accomplishes a second reversal in the course of the development, allows any existing negative to be used to print from. Moreover, this process, by requiring the employment of a temporary rigid support for the gelatin film, removes the limitation with regard to size, and allows a picture of any dimensions to be treated successfully. Mr. Johnson's double transfer is essentially the same as the single transfer already described, and differs only in details, which it would be difficult to convey by verbal description only; but it supplements the single process in such a manner that autotype transfer reproductions can now be made of any magnitude within the limits of a camera, and can be taken from any picture that light will either penetrate or reflect. It is to be said, from any existing negative, from any photograph, any engraving, any painting in monochrome, and from some paintings in colour. Save for enlargement or diminution, they are copies of absolute fidelity, such that they could not always be distinguished from their originals. The colour can be determined at pleasure among the wide range of practically indestructible pigments, and the pictures will certainly be as permanent as prints or engravings, which, as is well-known, undergo no appreciable change by the action of time.

The two processes above described are carried on at Ealing Dean in extensive premises, which were, until lately, the property of the Autotype Fine Art Company. It was found, however, that the two businesses of production and publication could be conveniently separated; and, in order to effect this, it was necessary to wind up the company, and to resuscitate it as a publishing company only, which now carries on this branch of its former business in Rathbone-place. The patents for the production of permanent autotypes by various methods have been transferred to the former active managers, Messrs. Spencer, Sawyer, and Bird, each of whom has made valuable contributions to the present perfection of the processes employed, and who now carry out the works and supply the new company with their productions. The establishment at Ealing contains machinery for the preparation of paper coated with coloured gelatine, large cameras for the production of the required negatives, an arrangement of water baths for washing away the gelatine and so developing the pictures, and all the necessary appliances of a printing establishment on a considerable scale.

The autotype printing process, or that which we first briefly described, affords many advantages for certain purposes of book illustration, the chief among these being absolute fidelity, and, as compared with any kind of engraving, considerable economy in the preparation of small editions. A photographic or other portrait, a photograph of any object, an etching or other monochrome drawing can be copied precisely, the drawing as it left the hand of the original artist, without the possibility of any inaccuracy from the work of intermediate persons. The preparation of the gelatine plate to print from is very inexpensive, but it requires careful and skilful working in the press, and the number of copies that can be struck off in a day is comparatively small. Hence, for a large edition the cost of printing would neutralize the original cheapness of the plate, but up to about 500 copies economy is ranged on the same side as excellence. For many purposes, of course, the economy would be a secondary matter, and the advantage of accurate reproduction would predominate over all other considerations. The specimens of autotype printing that are best known to the public are the illustrations of Sir Digby Wyatt's *Architect's Note Book in Spain*, a notice of which has already appeared in *The Times*; the illustrations of Dean Goulburn's magnificent work on Norwich Cathedral, and the *Grotesque Animals* of Mr. E. W. Cooke. Perhaps the last named, from their nature, are those which best show the perfection of the process. The exquisite fidelity with which every touch of the artist is reproduced in every print, and the accuracy of rendering of every point and line in sketches which would lose half their subtle humour by any kind of artistic translation, are matters that must be seen to be appreciated. In order to perceive these excellences it is sufficient to open the volume at random: but, perhaps, the whole figure of the *Nautilus*, in plate 3, especially her earings, the shadow of her tail, and the ant in the foreground, and the episode of Glimmer and the Ithex in the background of plate 10, may be cited as the best examples of its meaning.

our meaning. The permanent autotypes prepared by the transfer processes have a wider range of applicability, and are far more generally known. Nearly all photographers now offer to their customers enlarged portraits by a permanent transfer process, and the greater number of these are done at Raling Dean. A *carte de visite* portrait is enlarged upon glass in one of the great cameras, and is then placed over the paper coated in the manner already described. The sheet emerges from its bath a perfect reproduction of the original, but flecked here and there by spots or faults which are brought into view by the enlargement, and which require to be touched or toned down before the picture is ready for sale. This part of the business is left to the photographer who sends the order, Messrs. Spencer and Co. limiting themselves to the delivery of copies of the size required. The same process is applied to the reproduction of landscape pictures, and serves to develop beauties that were never seen before. The large photographs of trees and scenery which Mr. Ernest Jones's window in Piccadilly are permanent transfer autotypes enlarged from his small pictures; and one of them, a portrait of a magnificent horse-chestnut is perhaps the best representation of foliage that has ever been accomplished, its size having permitted a combination of exactness of detail with beauty of general effect in a manner that no draughtsman, save the sun, could have achieved. A still more recent example is afforded by two views of the Houses of Parliament, just published, which are perhaps the best examples of photographic enlargement that have yet been produced. They measure about 36 inches by 20 inches; and this size has been obtained without the distortion of a single line; while the general artistic effect of a picture is perfectly preserved, and a magnifying glass will bring out every detail of the carving, and renders every window or pinnacle a subject for careful study. Before Messrs. Spencer, and their predecessors have been employed to produce facsimiles of many of the masterpieces of great artists, and especially of some that, already defaced by time, are in danger of disappearance at no distant period. The long list comprises most of the historical mural paintings of Italy, such as the frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican, and those of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, many of the drawings in the Louvre Museum, in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, and

in the Albertina collection at Vienna, and also numerous autotypes of antique sculpture. The printroom of the British Museum has in like manner yielded up its treasures, and facsimiles of more than 200 of the engravings of Reynolds's pictures have already been published. The works of contemporary artists and the claims of current events have in the meanwhile not been neglected. Another and slighter but not less application is furnished by Mr. Pritchard's recently published " Ink Sketches in Holland," in which the transfer process has reproduced the very appearances given by the texture of the paper on which the sketches were drawn, and has so rendered not only the skill of the artist, but also the surface of the medium in which he worked, that we believe it would be absolutely impossible to distinguish the copies from the originals by sight alone; and all these copies have the additional merit of a cheapness which renders them almost universally accessible, so that, for an expenditure of only a few shillings, every one who will may now place upon his walls reproductions of pictures which have hitherto been known only to a few privileged persons. If pictorial art is, indeed, an educational influence of a high order, and if it is desirable to keep beauty of form before the eyes of the young, the autotypes of the great masters should not only find the places of honour of which they are so worthy, but they should also be used to adorn every nursery and schoolroom in England.

The Times.

THE Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts has now been at work nearly four years, and their recently issued third report is one which the public interest in their proceedings is unattenuated. The ready and liberal manner with which noblemen, gentlemen, and various public authorities have thrown open their collections of manuscripts to the officers of the Commission, has only been equalled by the eagerness with which historical and literary students have availed themselves of the results of the investigations thus made. Many important and valuable materials for the history of this country, which have for so long remained unexplored, if not altogether unknown, are now for the first time brought to light; and it is not too much to say that there is scarcely an important historical event, certainly no branch of English history, which has not received some elucidation from the operations of the Commissioners. The bulk of this last report, which extends to upwards of five hundred pages, is ample testimony to the activity of their labours, and a very cursory perusal of the contents shows the value of them. Upwards of a hundred collections have been examined during the past year, and the Appendix to the report points out the most remarkable features of each. We have little space in which to discuss the many historical questions which the making known of some of these documents will give rise to, but cannot content ourselves with indicating the relations of a more English history, or domestic character. How many thousands of readers of Scott, young and old, would be delighted to know that there was in existence a letter written and signed by the hand of that Amy Robsart, of whom Sir Walter knew little more than the name, yet whom he has caused to so fascinate the world, that one might well fancy that he had at Abbotsford an autobiography by her own fair hand. The bare truth is that Amy Robsart was married to young Dudley long before he was Earl of Leicester, in the reign of Edward VI. (who was present at the wedding), and with the consent of her father, who, as well as the bridegroom, was a Catholic. The marriage on the young couple in contemplation of the marriage. The deed of settlement is yet preserved at Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, where also is the letter we allude to, which is simply a commonplace one to her tailor about a dress.

The same collection at Longleat is rich in the correspondence of celebrated men of letters of the last century. Many of them are addressed to the poet, Matthew Prior, and contain interesting allusions to his distinguished contemporaries. Thus one correspondent under the date July 14, 1698, gives the occasion of Dryden's writing his well-known caustic lines on Tonson; he writes: "Mr. Godfrey Kneller has drawn at length the picture of your friend Jacob Tonson, which he showed Mr. Dryden, who desired to give a touch of his pensill, and underneath it writ these 3 verses:

"With lering look, bald faced and freckled fair,
With frowny pores poisoning the ambient air,
With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair."

The witty author of "Paulo Purganti," we imagine, was hardly the man to lend grace to the clerical profession, but the following extract from a letter to him, written by Jonathan Trelawney, Bishop of Winchester, in 1707, has a quaint reference to the possibility of such a transformation. Trelawney writes:—"Sir,—I had not written to you this post but to acquaint you that, in the public letters in this country, tells us you are going into Orders, which is much more surprising news than what you sent me of your finding Mr. Trelawney at Study, and Ned boxing, for each of them was in his way. I don't doubt of your having your eyes upon the Bishoprick of Winchester; but I beg you would not expect it these 20 years. After that, I wish you may have it at least as many more."

Lastly, we have a characteristic letter from Deane's gift to Prior, dated from Dublin, April 28, 1719, which runs thus:—"Sir, I thought to have had the happiness of seeing you before this time, because my health required a journey. But whether I fancy my Head is something better, or that little pauntry impediments stop me, or the *sang froid* of fifty, I can not tell: but so it is that I have past the time, and can not be at Aix la Chapelle in May as I intended and writt to my friends in London that I would. But I am going to try a more *lazy* remedy of Irish Country air; and as my return is uncertain, I thought fit to let you know that your subscribers want their books, and that your bookseller is a blockhead for not sending them. I spoke to one Mr. Hyde a bookseller here who has been employed that way. And they must be sent in quires consigned to Mr. Hyde, bookseller, at his shop in Davies Street, London. Pray order that they be sent as soon as possible, and care shall be taken to have them delivered to the subscribers and receive the second guinea. I am just getting on horseback, and have only time to desire you will please to present my humble service to the Earl of Oxford, &c."

Letters of a similar character are to be found in the possession of Mr. Egerton Warburton. We have only space for one specimen of the poet Cowper. He writes to the Rev. John Newton, on March 19, 1784 :—" I converse, you say, upon other subjects than that of despair, and may so write upon others. Indeed, my friend, I am a man of very little conversation upon any subject. From that of despair I abstain as much as possible for the sake of my company, but I will venture to

say that it is never out of my mind one minute in the whole day." "I have lately purchased 8 volumes of Johnson's prefaces of *Lives of the Poets*. In all that number I observe but one man, a poet of no great fame, of whom I did not know that he existed till I found him there, whose mind seems to have had the slightest tincture of religion, and he was hardly in his senses. His name was Collins. He sank into a state of melancholy, and died young." (He mentions Johnson's finding him at Islington with the Bible.) "But from the lives of all the rest there is but one inference to be drawn, that poets are a very worthless wicked set of people."

Among the monuments of Downing College, Cambridge, is found what is described as a thin folio paper volume, in half-binding of the latter part of last century, labelled *Newton Diary M.S.*: being the Diary of John Newton, of Cambridge, in the latter part of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth, century. This Diary appears to be written somewhat in the Peppysian style, and is well deserving of notice. The following are some extracts from it:

"C. Frayser the Minister of the King Charles the Second was proclaimed King by John Ewen, chandler, then Mayor of Cambridge. The Mayor himself read the Proclamation, the Towne Clerk more audibly spoke it after him. With the Mayor was the Recorder in his gowne, and all the Aldermen in their scarlet gownes, on horsebacke, and all the freemen on horseback. They proclaimed twice (in 2 severall places) in the great Market Place: once on the Peace Hill, and against St. Butolph's Church, and beyond the Great Bridge, against Jesus Lane, and against Trinity Church.

In all these places was Hec proclaimed. At night many bonfires in towns, & on the Great Market Hill. Great expressions and acclamations of joy from all sorts. On Thursday, the 10th of May, 1660, it was the King was proclaimed by the diversity, about 3 of the clock in the morning, on the Cross at the Great Market Place, and then in the Cross at the Market Place, and then in the Cross at the Market Place, and then in the Cross at the Market Place, and then in the Cross at the Market Place. On Saturday, the 12th May, 1660, the King was proclaimed at King's College [Mr. Fairbrother, the senior Fellow, as we learn from another source, giving a feast on the occasion]: all ye soldiers were placed round on the topp of their Chappell, from whence they gave a volley of shott.

The following is an allusion to the victory gained over the Dutch fleet off Harwich, when Admiral Opdam, with his ship, was blown up:—

1665.—"June 3. Saturday. All daylong was heard ye noyse of gunnes in ye ayre, and I myself heard ye noyse of them between 4 and 6 in the afternoon, and again between 9 and 10 the same night. It was generally thought here at Cambridge that the English and Dutch were at the same time engaged in fight."

The pressing of soldiers in the town for the war with the Dutch is also mentioned, and there are several notices of the comet of 1665:—“September 1. Saturday. Was seen posted up in Cambridge the King's Proclamation that Sturbridge Payre should not this yeare be kept, because of the great Plague at London, thereby prohibiting all Londoners from coming to the same. Great danger was also then heer in Cambridge, several dying then heer, etc.”

In Aug. 1668, Mr. Newton was elected alderman of Cambridge, and on the 18th of that month signified his acceptance of the office.

"August 20. Thursday. I bought of Mr. Sarah Simpson, widow, her husband's scarlett gowne, and a plush seated new saddle, with the bridle, foot cloth, and other riding furniture: for all which I paid her the day following £9 in full; for which she gave mee an acquittance, which is upon the file.—August 25. I made my 24th man's gowne serve for my Alderman's gowne, and paid Mr. Legg for 12 yards of cloth for it, at 1s. 6d. per yard, 12s. 6d.; for silk 3s. 6d.; for facing the sleeves 1s.; and for altering and setting on the tufts, 10s.; I paid also to Mr. Scott for 1 lb. and a halfe and 3 ounces of Naples threose silk for the tufts, and making the tufts, accounting the silk at 21. 7s. per lb.—£2. 9s.; soe the whole charge of altering my gowne stood me in £4. 9s. 0d."

From a long account of the dinner given by him at his house, upon his election as alderman, the following is an extract :

"And I dined all or the most in one room; the Mayor and Mr. New Elect sat at the upper end, and Mr. New Elect sat next his wife on the side. At dinner, we had first 2 dishes of boyled chickens, then a leg of mutton boyled, then a peece of roast beef, then a mutton pasty, then a glass of claretst roud, then 2 couple of rabbetts, 2 couple of small wild fowle, and 2 dishes of tarts, 3 in a dish. This was the entertainment; and by this time it was about 2 o'clock; so the Aldermen put off their scarlett gowes, and sent home for their black gowes, and went immediately to the house of the Common Council, where the Aldermen went into the parlor, and then considering what was fit to be expounded, all the Aldermen went into the Hall, and there with them, according to my juniority, I took my place upon the bench. When Common Day was over, Mr. Addams and myself desired the Mayor, Aldermen, 24th, and all other gowemen, to go into the parlor, and the freemen to tarry in the Hall, to take a glass of wine, which they did. We had between us 14 bottles of sack, from the Miter, and then 3 quarters of a pound of tobacco, with pipes, and glasses, and 3 gallons of beere (for some desired to drink hogg).

Among the manuscripts in the possession of Sir W. Throckmorton is :

A miscellaneous collection of letters written by various persons to members of the Throckmorton family, from about 1690 to 1750. Many anecdotes illustrative of the history, the politics, and the scandal of the times may be gleaned from these letters. Thus, in a letter dated "Bull-street, [street], December 27, 1784, occurs the following passage: "I don't get Handsome letters, for I hope this justification will make him a human creature; for I am sure before he was no better than a brute, when he could treat civilised people with so much brutality as I know he has done." This letter bears no signature nor address, but the person to whom it was sent was apparently Elizabeth, daughter of George Collingwood, Esq. of Kingston, and the wife of Sir Robert Throckmorton; she died in 1761. In this series of letters she is frequently addressed as "My dear Cauliflower."

A letter from Mr. Pennington to "Mrs. Catherine Collingwood, at the Bath," dated 19th February, 1736-7, expresses a different sentiment respecting the great composer. "Partys run high in musick, as when you shone among us. Mr. Handel has not due honour done him, and I am excessively angry about it, which you know is of vast consequence."

Those who are curious to know what kind of letters very young princes wrote in the seventeenth century will be gratified with the follow-

ing specimen of such compositions. It is written by the eldest son of Elizabeth of Bohemia, the little Prince Frederick Henry, to King James I.; and is as follows: 1621, May 11.—" Sir, We are com to the Haag from Seweneden to see the King and the Queene, and my little brother Rupert, who is now a little sieke; but my brother Charles who is at Heydelberg is, God be thanked, very well, and my sister Elizabeth and shee is a little bigger and stronger than he. So I kisse your Majesties hand, and I pray God to blesse you. Your Majesties Grandchild, Fred. Henry."

Another letter from the same youthful correspondent, not, however, contained in this report, has been brought under our notice. It is small, worthy of preservation, and so may be appropriately introduced here. This second letter bears no date, but is addressed also to King James. Here it is:—"Sir, I kiss your hand. I would faine see your Majestie. I can say nominativio hic, hac, hoc, and all five declensions, and a part of pronouns, and part of verbum. I have two horses alive, that can goe up my staires, a black horse and a chesnut horse. I pray God to bless you Majestie. Your Majesties Obedient Grandchild, FRIDERICK HENRY." The unhappy end of this Prince will be remembered by all readers of history. He was drowned near Amsterdam, id January, 1629.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ABSTRACT propositions are frequently liable to objection, as embodying theories which, based upon certain conditions, may be evolved and developed with apparently perfect accuracy, but the practical application of which is entirely frustrated by some trivial circumstance which the ingenious propagator of the theory has either overlooked or despised. We feel under the influence of something very much approaching to this truth in attempting to deal with the question of unworked ground. Some, indeed, will be ready to tell us at the outset that, broadly speaking, there is no unworked ground, and that, if so, little fruit is produced. It is not by any means for want of cultivation, but because the soil is hopelessly sterile and barren. We shall be told that the field is already full of labourers, whose toil, such as it is, is attended with very meagre success; but if outwardly plausible, such a position is altogether untenable on closer examination. It is not our purpose to enter into the question of the nature and extent of the efforts now put forth, although an inquiry thus directed would tend to enlighten the minds of many superficial observers, who are apt to infer, from the large number of ostensible representatives which insurance possesses, that vigorous exertions are being continually made. We are content to leave this question to be solved in the future, looking for an improvement as the work of time, and as the natural outgrowth of a more satisfactory system of administration. What we desire more fully to enter upon is, as to whether the present method and degree of effort may not be more extensively applied than they have hitherto been; whether, on the one hand, the offices cannot be prevailed upon more adequately to educate their representatives; and whether, on the other, the agents cannot be induced to take a more comprehensive view of their position and its duties. We have no intention of coming in support of the proposition that there does exist a very extensive range of unworked ground; we assume such to be the case without the least hesitation.

It is one of the peculiarities, and, we may add, one of the disadvantages of insurance, that few of its representatives, comparatively speaking, are wholly dependent upon their efforts in connection therewith. In those cases in which this rule does not prevail, both the individual and the institution are generally in a flourishing condition; but as the successful carrying on of an agency requires an amount of tact, patience, and perseverance which can only be acquired by experience, not a few agents become discouraged at the outset, and not being absolutely dependent upon their insurance enterprise, their efforts in other directions take the place of that devotion which must be manifested if any result worthy the name is to be achieved. We do not for one moment desire to confine the requisite tact and energy to the province of insurance, provided these qualities can be practically employed, and when they are simply in a watch case, so that these so-called representatives should abdicate their position in profession as well as in practice. Agents in name only, they are nothing more than dead weights, impeding the progress and marred the success of the company; and their very existence is a most conclusive proof of the extent of the unworked ground by which we are surrounded.

There are, however, other considerations of more material interest to the agents individually. It is common to find an agent, for instance, who, within the limit of an agent's personal influence, his exertions for securing proposals must necessarily be confined, and that the secret of success in various notable instances is to be found in the simple fact of the great personal influence which the successful representatives enjoy. It must certainly be admitted that this conclusion is simply supported by a review of the state of things at present existent, and it is, therefore, somewhat difficult to contend against evidence thus plausibly derived. But prevailing phenomena are not always true exponents, and what is still untried may possibly be in every respect worthier and better adapted than that now in operation. Apart from this, however, the theory to which we have adverted is completely refuted in the absence of uniformity, and we could point to many instances in which a nameless and unfriended individual has secured both means and position as a successful life insurance canvasser. The question finds its practical solution in securing a response of the old inquiry, "Who is my neighbour?" and there is as ample a latitude given to us in life insurance as there was to the individual by whom this question was first pronounced. It be-

question was not propounded. The proposer, therefore, simply adopted the method of tactics. We do not, however, think that method by which an agent, without introduction of any shape, seeks to obtain proposals from perfect strangers, though there are undoubtedly more defensible proceedings than these. The very fact that life insurance pertains largely of an extraneous character—if we may use the term—is sufficient to render the ordinary rules of business inapplicable to it. An agent cannot call upon an individual as would a traveller, and solicit from him an order in the collection of a sales order. The proposer, however, would probably be the sole result of a canvass thus carried on. But from one insurer to another is the most practicable and successful plan. Each proposer, by referring to his private friends, directs the efforts of the agents into fresh channels, and thus the circle may continually widen and extend. Those who have achieved the greatest success have generally acted upon this plan. It is rarely that a proposer will refuse to introduce

the agent either personally or by letter to his two friends referred to, and the influence of example, always potent and spreading, is rarely made so strikingly manifest than in such instances. The agent has thus continually around him a vast range of unworked ground in a sense to which the term is not generally applied, and if due effort and diligence be put forth, and if the agent, in addition, make the acquisition of the personal qualities essential to success his constant pursuit, he will not fail to be astonished at his own success. The ground is neither sterile nor barren; all that is wanted is a well-directed application of adequate means.

We have made no reference to the special obstacles which at this time beset the career of life insurance, simply because our remarks have no exclusive bearing upon any given period. The difficulties in question must be overcome by efforts and appliances more immediately directed to such an end, and upon this part of the subject we have previously given ample dissertations. They are simply the outgrowth of circumstances, and with the exercise of due precaution against a repetition of such circumstances, the effects they have produced will speedily pass away. This is, however, more a question for the offices than for the agents; and if the former will not make the required effort and give the required guarantees, the onus of failure will rest upon them, and the latter will be absolved from censure. The tendency of the office is generally favourable to the introduction of such reforms as are needed, and with the powerful impetus given to the cause by the unparalleled success of a new company, we entertain sanguine hopes that such means as are needed to remedy the effects of our present administration—to fortify and strengthen the position of the insurer, and to remove the last legitimate cause of complaint—will speedily be effected. Such offices as choose to ignore or disregard the plainly-expressed want of the times will suffer a merited rate if they expire from public neglect.

The entire question of unworked ground is, however, far more comprehensive than we have hitherto implied. We have treated it as one concerning the agents as individuals, and have sought to point out that they stand in the midst of a field capable of yielding the richest results, if only adequately worked. Such is plainly the most practical point at issue, and such it is, therefore, that is the most deserving of our attention. But considering the question as one bearing upon society, as dividing into classes, we should enter upon it to ascertain to what extent any particular class can dispense with life insurance, and to which class it is most especially adapted. This, naturally, is more a philosophical question, and, in this, inviting as it appears, we cannot enter at present. Broadly stated, however, we may say that the class upon which life insurance would confer the greatest boon is least mindful of its advantages, and suffers most from its neglect. The practical question involved is, as to how far this state of things may be due to want of information, and as to the means which should be adopted to enlighten the prevailing ignorance; and these points we may discuss on another occasion.—*The Review.*

"WHAT's the time now?"

"Night upon twelve o'clock, hang it all; and this little beggar's all I've got to show for it. It's out and out too bad, 'pon my word!"

So speaks, with pardonable irritation, Captain Charles D., skipper of the Danube steamer Mary, bound from Constantinoople to Galatz and Ibraila, and at present lying in Varna Roads, with no immediate prospect of getting off again. The captain, an inveterate sportsman, has improved the occasion by taking his gun ashore, and after a three hours' tramp under a real Turkish sun, through a never-ending swamp, has at length succeeded in bagging a kingfisher a little larger than an oyster, which I, with a fine touch of practical irony, am stuffing into an envelope by

"Light your pipe, and let us cook our game, captain," suggest I, consolingly; "it'll just fit nicely into the bowl!"

The aggrieved sportsman answers only with a grunt; and halting upon a rising ground (if the term may be applied to an eminence about as high as the crown of a hat), we survey each other's appearance, which the skipper concisely defines as "all mud barrin' the wet, and all wet barrin' the scratches."

"Now, sir," observes he at last, with that bitter grin wherewith John Bull settles down to the enjoyment of a good, genuine grievance, "this, you see, is Bulgaria—how d'ye like it?"

"Well," answer I, with a pensive recollection of my recent perusal of Mr. Morris, "I should call it the devil's earthly paradise."

The captain chukles in grim approval; and, in closing, the epigram is not so unjust as such criticism generally is. The great roadstead, although, by way between the high mountains, ridges that run inland from the sea, has left only a narrow strip of level ground upon which Bulgarian enterprise has piled the reeking, pestilential town of Varna. A horrible place is Varna. Dirty houses tenanted by dirty men, dirty streets haunted by dirty dogs; nothing doing, and nothing expected to be done; sentries dozing on their posts, tradesmen asleep at their shop doors, beggars snoring upon the hot pavement; the very houses leaning toward each other across the narrow, filthy, rubbish-blocked streets, as if they were nodding to sleep likewise. The tall, narrow-eyed buildings stand up gaunt and bare in the blistering sunshine; the grey unending swamp looms drearily in the background; to right and left rises the huge black wall of the encircling mountain; and on the narrow strip of level ground the grey and yellow long ranks of low green hillocks, showing there many a brave fellow who looked longingly forward to his first glimpse of the Russian helmets, was cut down ingloriously by the unseen blow of an enemy more deadly than the bayonets of Menschikoff or the cannon of Todleben.

"Well, anyhow, there's the station just ahead," says the shipper at length. "The station-master's a fellow of a different sort and he's sure to be there now; so I vote we go and have a yarn with him, and a drop o' summutt to drink."

No sooner said than done; and a few minutes later, we are standing at the door of a little rabbit-hutch midway down the huge platform, receiving a boisterous welcome from a big, bearded, jolly-looking man in a rough "wear and tear" suit of plaid. In a trice we are all chattering away like old friends, and (a matter of course with Englishmen abroad) abusing the country, the people, the climate, and our surroundings generally, with heart and soul. The station-master in particular takes a gloomy pleasure in assuring us that "this 'ere Varna-Rustchuk line ain't worth that; that the embankment's as rotten as a squashed water-melon, and one o'

these fine days it'll just come down flop, and here to be done over again.

"Well, I'll tell you what," remarks our new acquaintance at length, "I'll be through with my work before long, and there ain't no hurry for you to go aboard. S'pose you step up to my old 'oman (you know the road, Charley), and tell her to give you a mouthful o' summat, and say I'll be up 'er a bit."

Up the hill-side we trudge accordingly, the skipper leading the way, and are not long in reaching a trim little cottage with a small garden in front of it (looking indescribably neat and pretty beside the miserable hovels that surround it), at the door of which, with her two children besides her, sits our new friend's wife, knitting stockings with might and main. She is a fresh, comely, active-looking woman, apparently on the right side of forty, with a snug freckle expression; but a close observer may detect on the broad smooth forehead and round rosy cheeks the faint but indelible impress of former sufferings; and through the ring of her voice, full and cheery though it be, runs an undertone of melancholy, telling of a time in the distant past when such sadness was only too habitual.

While the skipper (who is evidently an old acquaintance) is inquiring after various common friends, and being good humouredly chaffed upon his "lookin' so nice and clean," I began, as usual, by making friends with the children—two sturdy little fellows of seven and five years respectively, with the health and vigour of the good old Anglo-Saxon breed in every line of their sunburnt faces. As the elder perches himself on my knee, the wind tosses back his hair, and discloses a frightful scar across the temple, which (knowing the innate propensity of the ordinary Englishman to gossip ad libitum about the accidents and ailments of her brood) I rightly deem a fit subject of inquiry.

"This young man's been in the wars, I see; how did he come by that mark, if it's not a rude question?"

"Well, he come by it in a queer way enough, and that's the truth; but it's neither a long story."

"Never mind—let's have it; a good story can't be too long."

"Ay, ay, you must hear that yarn," chimed in the skipper, who is plainly well up to the whole history, "Pitch us the yarn, old girl; it's you as ought to tell it by rights, seein' 'twas you as did it all."

"Well, wait till you get a mouthful o' grub," responds our hostess, who is already deep in a big, hospitable-looking cupboard. "We ain't got nothing 'very grand to give you, but you're heartily welcome to what there is."

The table is soon spread, and the master of the house coming in opportunely, we fall to with a will; and the skipper, amid general laughter, produces his kingfisher as a "stand-by for supper."

As soon as we have finished, I again remind my hostess of her promised story, and she begins as follows:—

"Well, you see, 'bout two years ago, me and my old man, and the two little 'uns, was a-livin' at a queer little by-station on that new line from Galatz to Ploesti, which I dare say you'll have heard on. It wasn't quite finished then, though the line was pretty well laid all the way; and the trains was only runnin' to the second station beyond us. We got good pay enough, to speak truth, but I wouldn't go back there agin—no, not for double the money! Sitch a country I never seed in all my born days; all dust in summer, and all mud in winter, and fleas all the year round—let alone other things as shall be nameless. And then the people! bless yer, they'd no more idee o' plantin', or buildin', or farmin', or drainin', or doin' anythin' Christ-like, nor I have o' the man in the moon; and ye to hear 'em talk, you'd think they was the finest fellows as ever walked the earth."

"Howsomever, it's a sin to laugh at 'em, poor creatures; for, after all, they was born farmers, and couldn't help themselves; and then, too, it's all along o' their bein' so unhandy that they has to pay us English do things for 'em; so it's just a kind o' Providence atter all."

"Well, as I was a sayin', we lived on that 'ere Galatz line for a good spell, and got used to it 'er a bit, though it wasn't over-pleasant in the winter nights, when the snow come right up as high as the window, and the wind went rampagin' round our little place (it was only two rooms and a cellar) as if it had been a roarin' lion. So, what with that, and what with our havin' money in the house for to pay the men, and there bein' so many ripe about, we wasn't quite so comfortable as we might ha' been."

"One night (it was just a week 'er little Sam's third birthday, I remember) there cum a knock at the door, and a voice singin' out as there was a message from the superintendent. So my old man goes to open the door (I was in the back room, gettin' 'em ready), and in comes two men, and one o' 'em hands him a paper; but he'd hardly took it when 'tother slips round behind, and knocks him down as flat as a flounder. I run in at the sound of the tumble, and there was one o' the ripe a tyrin' my old man (who was quite non-compos 'er the knock he'd got) and 'tother 'un out with a big knife, and says to me, 'Hand over your money,' says he, 'or we'll kill the whole lot on yer.' I was so took aback at first, that just for the minute I only stared like a stuck pig; but when he axed for the money a thought cum into my head all at once, and I says to him, 'All right,' says I; 'the money's down in the cellar under the charcoal barrel; take it and welcome, only don't kill us.' 'All right,' says the vagabond; 'but to make all safe, I'll take this young 'elp with me' (and he catches hold o' little Georgy, my eldest), 'and if you hollers out, or tries to play any tricks, I'll a-kiver him like a sheep.'"

"Here he breaks off suddenly to clasp the child to her, and kiss him again and again, while a momentary shadow flits across the father's rough-hewn face."

"Well, sir, when he said that, 'twas just like a pounce o' cold water down my back. But I thought o' my old man lyin' bloodin' there, an' o' the beggar's cheek in darin' to bully an Englishwoman; and I determined that, come what might, I'd be square with 'em yet. So I gives Georgy a kiss, and I whispers to him, 'Keep near the door, and he understood me directly, bless his little 'art! and went away with the great ugly blackguard as brave as could be."

"Well, down goes the rip, and tries to move the barrel; but it 'ud 'a' took two p' him to do it, and then they couldn't; so 'er tuggin' and tuggin', and nigh bustin' himself, he sing out to his mate, 'Come and lend a hand, and bring the woman with you.' So 'tother 'un marches me down into the cellar, and sets down the light for to lend a hand with the cask. The minute I see 'em both stoopin' over with their backs to me, I knocks over the candle, catches Georgy by the scruff o' the neck, and whisks him out o' the cellar like a cat—only in my hurry I fetched his head an' only a little skin agin the boltin', poor little chap! and that's how that 'ere scar cum there. But before the ripe could tell what was up I had the door slammed to, and the big bolt shot, and there they was, cooped like two rats in a trap."

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"Well, if you ever did hear two fellows rampage, these was the two. They yelled and they swore, and they lambasted the door with logs o' wood and fire shovels, and at last with their very teeth, they got so mad. But, bless yer, they might as well ha' tried to knock down St. Paul's with a pat o' butter. The door was a double thick 'un, with big cross beams, and wouldn't 'a' giv' in to nothin' less nor a cannon ball; so, leaving 'em to drum away, I up stairs, and cut my old man loose, and then out and 'listed the red lamp; and 'bout ten minutes 'atter, the train (which gen'ly ran by without stoppin') spied the signal and pulled up. So I got hold o' one o' the guards (they all knowed me), and told him what was up; and he called his mates, and three or four sodgers, as 'a' ways went with the train, and down they all ran to tackle the two beauties. But when we opened the door the ripe was so taken aback at seein' the crowd, and findin' themselves reg'larly nabbed, that they jist giv' in as meek as lambs; and afore you could say Jack Robinson the pair 'em was tied and bundled into the train, and awa' they went. And that, sir, is all I call 'killin' two birds with one stone.'—All the Year Round."

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"This young man's been in the wars, I see; how did he come by that mark, if it's not a rude question?"

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"Well, wait till you get a mouthful o' grub," responds our hostess, who is already deep in a big, hospitable-looking cupboard. "We ain't got nothing 'very grand to give you, but you're heartily welcome to what there is."

The table is soon spread, and the master of the house coming in opportunely, we fall to with a will; and the skipper, amid general laughter, produces his kingfisher as a "stand-by for supper."

As soon as we have finished, I again remind my hostess of her promised story, and she begins as follows:—

"Well, you see, 'bout two years ago, me and my old man, and the two little 'uns, was a-livin' at a queer little by-station on that new line from Galatz to Ploesti, which I dare say you'll have heard on. It wasn't quite finished then, though the line was pretty well laid all the way; and the trains was only runnin' to the second station beyond us. We got good pay enough, to speak truth, but I wouldn't go back there agin—no, not for double the money! Sitch a country I never seed in all my born days; all dust in summer, and all mud in winter, and fleas all the year round—let alone other things as shall be nameless. And then the people! bless yer, they'd no more idee o' plantin', or buildin', or farmin', or drainin', or doin' anythin' Christ-like, nor I have o' the man in the moon; and ye to hear 'em talk, you'd think they was the finest fellows as ever walked the earth."

"Howsomever, it's a sin to laugh at 'em, poor creatures; for, after all, they was born farmers, and couldn't help themselves; and then, too, it's all along o' their bein' so unhandy that they has to pay us English do things for 'em; so it's just a kind o' Providence atter all."

"Well, as I was a sayin', we lived on that 'ere Galatz line for a good spell, and got used to it 'er a bit, though it wasn't over-pleasant in the winter nights, when the snow come right up as high as the window, and the wind went rampagin' round our little place (it was only two rooms and a cellar) as if it had been a roarin' lion. So, what with that, and what with our havin' money in the house for to pay the men, and there bein' so many ripe about, we wasn't quite so comfortable as we might ha' been."

"One night (it was just a week 'er little Sam's third birthday, I remember) there cum a knock at the door, and a voice singin' out as there was a message from the superintendent. So my old man goes to open the door (I was in the back room, gettin' 'em ready), and in comes two men, and one o' 'em hands him a paper; but he'd hardly took it when 'tother slips round behind, and knocks him down as flat as a flounder. I run in at the sound of the tumble, and there was one o' the ripe a tyrin' my old man (who was quite non-compos 'er the knock he'd got) and 'tother 'un out with a big knife, and says to me, 'Hand over your money,' says he, 'or we'll kill the whole lot on yer.' I was so took aback at first, that just for the minute I only stared like a stuck pig; but when he axed for the money a thought cum into my head all at once, and I says to him, 'All right,' says I; 'the money's down in the cellar under the charcoal barrel; take it and welcome, only don't kill us.' 'All right,' says the vagabond; 'but to make all safe, I'll take this young 'elp with me' (and he catches hold o' little Georgy, my eldest), 'and if you hollers out, or tries to play any tricks, I'll a-kiver him like a sheep.'"

"Here he breaks off suddenly to clasp the child to her, and kiss him again and again, while a momentary shadow flits across the father's rough-hewn face."

"Well, sir, when he said that, 'twas just like a pounce o' cold water down my back. But I thought o' my old man lyin' bloodin' there, an' o' the beggar's cheek in darin' to bully an Englishwoman; and I determined that, come what might, I'd be square with 'em yet. So I gives Georgy a kiss, and I whispers to him, 'Keep near the door, and he understood me directly, bless his little 'art! and went away with the great ugly blackguard as brave as could be."

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HORSES AND VEHICLES.

BUGGIES, various kinds; Onions and Eggs Waggon, 200, 250, 300, 350, 400, 450, 500, 550, 600, 650, 700, 750, 800, 850, 900, 950, 1000, 1050, 1100, 1150, 1200, 1250, 1300, 1350, 1400, 1450, 1500, 1550, 1600, 1650, 1700, 1750, 1800, 1850, 1900, 1950, 2000, 2050, 2100, 2150, 2200, 2250, 2300, 2350, 2400, 2450, 2500, 2550, 2600, 2650, 2700, 2750, 2800, 2850, 2900, 2950, 3000, 3050, 3100, 3150, 3200, 3250, 3300, 3350, 3400, 3450, 3500, 3550, 3600, 3650, 3700, 3750, 3800, 3850, 3900, 3950, 4000, 4050, 4100, 4150, 4200, 4250, 4300, 4350, 4400, 4450, 4500, 4550, 4600, 4650, 4700, 4750, 4800, 4850, 4900, 4950, 5000, 5050, 5100, 5150, 5200, 5250, 5300, 5350, 5400, 5450, 5500, 5550, 5600, 5650, 5700, 5750, 5800, 5850, 5900, 5950, 6000, 6050, 6100, 6150, 6200, 6250, 6300, 6350, 6400, 6450, 6500, 6550, 6600, 6650, 6700, 6750, 6800, 6850, 6900, 6950, 7000, 7050, 7100, 7150, 7200, 7250, 7300, 7350, 7400, 7450, 7500, 7550, 7600, 7650, 7700, 7750, 7800, 7850, 7900, 7950, 8000, 8050, 8100, 8150, 8200, 8250, 8300, 8350, 8400, 8450, 8500, 8550, 8600, 8650, 8700, 8750, 8800, 8850, 8900, 8950, 9000, 9050, 9100, 9150, 9200, 9250, 9300, 9350, 9400, 9450, 9500, 9550, 9600, 9650, 9700, 9750, 9800, 9850, 9900, 9950, 10000, 10050, 10100, 10150, 10200, 10250, 10300, 10350, 10400, 10450, 10500, 10550, 10600, 10650, 10700, 10750, 10800, 10850, 10900, 10950, 11000, 11050, 11100, 11150, 11200, 11250, 11300, 11350, 11400, 11450, 11500, 11550, 11600, 11650, 11700, 11750, 11800, 11850, 11900, 11950, 12000, 12050, 12100, 12150, 12200, 12250, 12300, 12350, 12400, 12450, 12500, 12550, 12600, 12650, 12700, 12750, 12800, 12850, 12900, 12950, 13000, 13050, 13100, 13150, 13200, 13250, 13300, 13350, 13400, 13450, 13500, 13550, 13600, 13650, 13700, 13750, 13800, 13850, 13900, 13950, 14000, 14050, 14100, 14150, 14200, 14250, 14300, 14350, 14400, 14450, 14500, 14550, 14600, 14650, 14700, 14750, 14800, 14850, 14900, 14950, 15000, 15050, 15100, 15150, 15200, 15250, 15300, 15350, 15400, 15450, 15500, 15550, 15600, 15650, 15700, 15750, 15800, 15850, 15900, 15950, 16000, 16050, 16100, 16150, 16200, 16250, 16300, 16350, 16400, 16450, 16500, 16550, 16600, 16650, 16700, 16750, 16800, 16850, 16900, 16950, 17000, 17050, 17100, 17150, 17200, 17250, 17300, 17350, 17400, 17450, 17500, 17550, 17600, 17650, 17700, 17750, 17800, 17850, 17900, 17950, 18000, 18050, 18100, 18150, 18200, 18250, 18300, 18350, 18400, 18450, 18500, 18550, 18600, 18650, 18700, 18750, 18800, 18850, 18900, 18950, 19000, 19050, 19100, 19150, 19200, 19250, 19300, 19350, 19400, 19450, 19500, 19550, 19600, 19650, 19700, 19750, 19800, 19850, 19900, 19950, 20000, 20050, 20100, 20150, 20200, 20250, 20300, 20350, 20400, 20450, 20500, 20550, 20600, 20650, 20700, 20750, 20800, 20850, 20900, 20950, 21000, 21050, 21100, 21150, 21200, 21250, 21300, 21350, 21400, 21450, 21500, 21550, 21600, 21650, 21700, 21750, 21800, 21850, 21900, 21950, 22000, 22050, 22100, 22150, 22200, 22250, 22300, 22350, 22400, 22450, 22500, 22550, 22600, 22650, 22700, 22750, 22800, 22850, 22900, 22950, 23000, 23050, 23100, 23150, 23200, 23250, 23300, 23350, 23400, 23450, 23500, 23550, 23600, 23650, 23700, 23750, 23800, 23850, 23900, 23950, 24000, 24050, 24100, 24150, 24200, 24250, 24300, 24350, 24400, 24450, 24500, 24550, 24600, 24650, 24700, 24750, 24800, 24850, 24900, 24950, 25000, 25050, 25100, 25150, 25200, 25250, 25300, 25350, 25400, 25450, 25500, 25550, 25600, 25650, 25700, 25750, 25800, 25850, 25900, 25950, 26000, 26050, 26100, 26150, 26200, 26250, 26300, 26350, 26400, 26450, 26500, 26550, 26600, 26650, 26700, 26750, 26800, 26850, 26900, 26950, 27000, 27050, 27100, 27150, 27200, 27250, 27300, 27350, 27400, 27450, 27500, 27550, 27600, 27650, 27700, 27750, 27800, 27850, 27900, 27950, 28000, 28050, 28100, 28150, 28200, 28250, 28300, 28350, 28400, 28450, 28500, 28550, 28600, 28650, 2

D, FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1873

FURNISHED APARTMENTS vacant, with optional board. E. Remy, house agent, Bank-chamber.

PRIVATE HOARD and Residence, Albion-street.
Surrey Hills. H. Cobercott, chemist, South Head Road.

NO LET, to two Gentlemen, a comfortable double-bedded room, partial board. 97, Elizabeth-street.

NO LET, large front ROOM, furnished as bed and sitting room; terms moderate. Pearce, William-street.

NO LET, two comfortable unfurnished ROOMS.

WANTED, BOARD AND RESIDENCE in a quiet family by a gentleman and his wife; large bedroom and a garden if possible; suburbs preferred; terms moderate. Apply A. B. C., HERALD Office.

between Camden and Goulburn, on the Southern line,
address, with all particulars, A. B., care of
Messrs. Harrison, Jones, and Devlin,
Stock Agents,
Pitt-street, Sydney.

TO LET.

DARLINGHURST.--To LET, 361, Liverpool-street,
containing 7 rooms, kitchen, &c. Apply corner shop.

NO LET, Market-street, opposite the Market
Entrance; rent moderate. Apply to W. W. Billyard,
Deitor, 32, Hunter-street.

NO LET, a HOUSE, with ground, facing Moore Park.
Apply 400, George-street, opposite Royal Hotel.

NO LET, Furnished Cottages, Burwood and Newtown,
comfortably furnished. Ramsay, house agent, Bank-chs.

NO LET, 68, Union-street, Pyrmont, Family Residence,
7 rooms, kitchen, laundry. Day, Western Lm, Pyrmont.

NO LET, HOUSE, 21, NEWCASTLE STREET.

(NO LET. at 111th & Hill, 2 furnished HOUSE, 8 rooms, garden, paddock. V. V. L., Post Office, Sydney.

(NO LET. Family RESIDENCE, top of William-street; every convenience. Apply 218, William-street.

(NO LET. HOUSE, 101, Bourke-street, containing 6 rooms, kitchen, good yard. C. Kidman, South H. R.

(NO LET. 7, Harnett-street, Woolloomooloo, 6 rooms, kitchen, and laundry, balcony back and front, latter overlooking bay and Domain. Apply No. 10.

(NO LET. HOUSE, delightfully situated No. 18 Clarendon-street, 10 rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2

THE WENTWORTH COAL-FIELD.
The Trustees of the Estate of the late WILLIAM CHARLES WENTWORTH, Esquire, are desirous of leasing on such terms and for such a period as may be agreed upon the Coal-field belonging to this Estate, containing of about 4100 Acres.

On examination of the said property I find the surface to be 4166 acres, the whole of which I have no doubt contains coal, but out of the 4166 acres only 2326 acres contain the coal now worked by the Wallsend, Cessative, and Miami Collieries.

This coal property is well situated geologically within the Newcastle district of the coal-field which occupies some 200,000 acres of the Hunter River.

"The access to this seam from the surface is easy, as the coal can be wrought by an open drive or tunnel from the surface, consequently all that would require to be done would be to go to a gully marked on the plan and known by the name of the Buck Creek, which runs from the south

undary of the estate. There are other places on the estate marked thus † where the same advantage could be gained, and by putting in an open drive or tunnel I believe a coal-field could be wrought cheaper than most of the collieries in the Hunter River district, for by getting to the top of your property at once you save a great amount of expenses commonly incurred in keeping the works free from water by sinking water shafts, &c., and keeping in your heavy lifts; and another item you would save would be the underground traction, for, instead of having erect powerful machinery to wind your coals from the

The thickness of this seam will average 8 feet, but out of its thickness 2 feet 6 inches would be left to be appreciated as follows:—1 foot 6 inches to be left for a floor and spanning partings in centre of coal, and the other foot to be left to form a roof for the workings; so that, after making above deductions, 5 feet 6 inches would be the thickness of clean coal available to be sent to market on the Maimi

to: but I am under the impression that, as the workings tend towards the Co-operative and Wellwood, the seam would increase in thickness and remain as good in quality. The quality of the coal is good, making very little smoke, burns bright, leaves a reddish ash, and, upon the whole, is a first-class coal for generating steam—generally proved to be strong, which quality renders it a good article for shipment."

Applications from persons desirous of leasing this property may be addressed to "The Trustees of the Estate of the late William Charles Wentworth, Esq.," care of Mr.

GENERAL NOTICE.—The Agents of this Journal in various parts of the colony are as follows:—

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thurst, Guyong, Molong, Canowindra, Kelso, Peel, Rockley, Meadow Flat, and O'Connell Plains.—**Mr. C. W. Crocker**

roose and Cotts.—**Mr. G. Rowlands**

arley, Little Hartley, One Tree Hill, Bowmans, Man-

garco, and Lithgow—Mr. Maurice Lynch
ange and Lucknow—Mr. James Dale
rillington, Montefiores, and Ironbarks—Mr. R. A. Stace
udge, Ryalsme, Avisford, Louisa Creek, Windygrove,
Long Creek, Hargraves, and Mundecran—Messrs.
John Dickson and Sons
dale—Mr. W. Walker
bbie—Messrs. Thompson and Burditt.
SOUTHERN.
bury—Mr. S. Mudge
rrima, Bowral, Nattai, Sutton Forest, and Moss Vale—

Mr. A. J. Powell, Perrima
Menden, Narellan, Burracorang, and the Oaks—Mr. R.
Sinapton, Camden
Culburn Marulan, Collector, and Bungonia—Mr. Robert
Craig
Jana, Binalong, Gunning, Murrumburrah, and Jugiong—
Mr. James P. Ritchie
Midwood, Araduen, and Nelligan—Mr. A. Vider
Donbeyan—Mr. W. G. O'Neill
Arrows—Mr. J. W. Costello
Mandagai and Tarcutta—Mr. Michael Norton
Collingwood and Danto—Mr. William Hewlett

ana, Jerrington, and Jamberoo—Mr. Thomas J. Fuller
onhaven—
mbala, Eden, Baga, Delagata, Merimbula, and Pambala
—Mr. A. G. Flavell
mut—Mr. L. Casperson
ung—Messrs. Hopkins and Gate
agga Waga—Mr. W. C. Hunter
litude and Ulledula—Mr. Erickrick Hall.
NORTHERN.
itude—Mr. H. G. Mallum
nton, Hexham, Wollombi, Seaham, Largs, Miller's

Forest, and Black Creek—Mr. R. Blair
ing and Clarence Town—Mr. Hanna
erson and Greeford—Mr. W. Thomson
ngleton and Jerry's Plains—Mr. William Meys
arrururundi, Quirindi, and Warialda—Mr. Alexander
Brodie
verall and Glen Innes—Mr. W. M. Stevens
mworth—Mr. P. J. Coghlan
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NOTICES OF MARRIAGES cannot be inserted unless sent as correct by the officiating Minister or Registrar.

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